WHAT WOMEN MUST DO

If They Want to Keep up With the Fashionable Parade.

MYSTERIES OF FALL STYLES

Sketches of Beautiful Attire for All Ages—The Latest Skirt Edicts from Paris.

The early fall dresses are as much of a mystery as were the summer ones—you are never quite sure how a woman gets into them. Unlike old Grimes' coat, they are not "all buttoned down before," nor are they buttoned at the back. They do not seem to be buttoned at all. If the woman who is wearing one of these mysterious fall gowns will take you into her confidence, she will tell that underneath one of the lappels there is a mysterious hook-and-eye arrangement which, if one understands it, can be made to come apart, and will thus relieve the captive from her robe. To avoid accidents, the hooks are of the kind that "shut to" with a snap, and cannot be undone unless one is in the secret of their manufacture. The mechanism of some of these gowns is truly wonderful. It is not uncommon to find them closing under the arms with a peculiar and mysterious collar arrangement, which opens and closes just far enough to permit a woman's head to pass through. A woman's gown may not be fearfully and wonderfully made—but it is certainly mysteriously hooked together.

The ribbed goods are very much in favor this season, and those patterned after the Bedford cords are among the very handsomest of the season's woolens, and will fairly rival the finest habit cloths. This autumn figured and striped Bedford cords are added to the plain ribbed fabrics of last winter. Narrow satin stripes two inches apart and of light color are on the darkest ribbed wools, as, for instance, salmon stripes on a dark chestnut brown, light blue stripes on a dark blue ground, and coral or pale blue stripes of dark Bedford cord. Cross-barred cords are in similar bright satin coloring on dark grounds. Another fancy is for broche effects in feathery designs in Bedford cord in two shades of peach color or chrysanthemum red, of bronze, blue or gray. These are for the entire dress, or they may be used for the skirt and sleeves of a bodice of plain wool.

An illustration in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* gives an idea of a very neat and comely tea gown. It is of silver gray crepon. The skirt is slightly gathered to the figure and trimmed at the foot with a pleating of pink crepe, which rises in folds on the left side. The corsage, without darts, draped in bias and trimmed with a collarette and a bow of pink crepe. The sleeves full, of silver gray, trimmed with high pleated cuffs of pink crepe. Bows at the shoulder and sash of pink satin, with fringe of silver tied at the front.

A black tea gown is draped with black net, worked in gold circles in horizontal lines, and lined with blue; the sleeves are transparent, with a fulling of lace on the shoulders, and a most elegant lace Watteau comes from between the shoulders and flows on to the train, starting from beneath a large bow of black ribbon velvet and long streamers; this has a high collar, edged with feather trimming.

The crepon finish that has grown to be somewhat familiar in the summer woolens is now given to heavier wools that are suitable for winter gowns. These are crinkled in stripes, with plain or puckered stripes between, or else they are crepe all over, in the way seen in English crepes. Chevron, or V stripes of bias lines coming from the selvedges to meet in points in the middle of the breadth, remain in as great favor as when first introduced. Narrow zigzag stripes in the wool fabric are seen again in all serviceable colors.

If you can afford to have a cloak lined with ostrich feathers you will be the happy owner of the most fashionable garment of the season. These things are expensive—dreadfully expensive. It is a strain upon the average purse to get as much as a feather boa with feather trimmings for a hat and the new style of feather sleeves for one's coat. But when the matter is carried on further, and an entire feather lining for a long cloak is called for, then indeed it may be accounted serious. Yet these feather lined cloaks are wonderfully chic and very becoming to every style of beauty. Closed up tightly around the throat, such a cloak is a beautiful street garment, showing, as it does, only a band of feather trimming around the neck and down the front. But let it be thrown open, to disclose a ball or dinner toilet, and the vision is a charming one. Fancy a cloak of this description worn by no less a personage than her royal highness, the Duchess of Fife. It was purchased in London and was designed to be taken to Scotland for the cool days which the duchess is experiencing during her month's sojourn there. The material was of dark red Bedford cord, and the lining was entirely of black ostrich feathers. At a dinner which the duchess attended she wore this cloak over an exquiste black net dress, beautifully wrought out in nets and turquoise. The embroidery, which was of these two decorations, extended in a double row down the front of the bodice, and a single row of jets and turquoise bordered its lower edge.

The Woman's Dress Reform club in Boston numbers some 200 members, comprising teachers, doctors, writers and other professional workers. The first rainy day in October all the members are pledged to appear in a stormy weather costume, consisting of a kilted skirt in waterproof cloth reaching a little way below the knees and revealing gaiters of waterproof cloth or riding boots. A reefer coat will cover the upper part of the figure and a tarpaulin hat complete the costume. The staid Boston woman done up in this style will be a spectacle to send gods and men into convulsions, and tip the Hub out of plumb.

Some one has truthfully remarked, says the New York *Sun*, that there is no prettier sight on the dancing floor than that presented by children, especially girls, as they gracefully trip through the evolutions of the dance. For all that it makes a great difference in their looks whether they are attired becomingly or not, and the obtaining of appropriate dancing costumes for children has harrowed many a mother's soul.

Parisian Ideas in Petticoats.

Ombre velvet ribbons trim some very quaint French gowns intended for street wear.

A few bengaline gowns have the ruffles and edges bound with inch-wide satin ribbon.

In Paris many of the skirt backs are gathered in place of the everlasting fan plaits, and pannier effects are hinted at in the soft side drapery.

Striped materials are again cut to form V's, back and front, on the "bell" skirt and bodice.

A slashed skirt and coat basque of a camel's hair material is richly bound with velvet ribbon.

Narrow bands of fur, an inch in width and less, will be worn as a piping on cloth bodices and skirts.

Jacket effects over loose vests of silk or a tight fitting one of cloth, corduroy or brocade, will become prominent during the fall and winter season.

What is called a glove or gauntlet sleeve is a newly introduced change, which is wrinkled all the way up the arm like a mousquetaire glove, these wrinkles ceasing only under the armhole.

If the skirts are unbecoming let us be grateful for the waists which cover a multitude of angles as well as much avoirdupois; for the flouncings and plaitings added to the basques do apparently, strange as it may seem, diminish the size of a large form as well as improve the too slight figure.

Very stylish and becoming are passementerie capes with Stuart collars made of cable cord, which at each side are trimmed with two long points ending in fringes. In the center between these points are seen long, knotted trimmings, while the front also shows two long points ending in fringes. This fashion is very much in vogue.

A black velvet is cut in the new gored fashion, or rather in the revived style of old days, which gives so much width at the foot, and is so narrow at the waist. There could be nothing more graceful for a long gown. The front of the skirt is covered with black lace, the depth reaching from the waist to the hem, and the bodice is liberally trimmed with lace.

INFANT DAMNATION.

A Radical Change in the Creed Favored by the St. Louis Presbytery.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The St. Louis presbytery reopened its session in Webster groves yesterday morning. At 11 o'clock the discussion of the report of the general assembly's committee on revision of the Westminster confession became the order of business. Several chapters of the report were passed without criticism, but the section which related to the subject of "Elect Infants" precipitated a discussion which occupied the greater part of the afternoon.

The opposition to the committee's report on the article was opened by the Rev. Adolphus Krebs, who held that the position taken by the committee in declaring that all infants and all other persons incapable of receiving the call of the gospel are saved by the blood of Christ is unwarranted by the Scriptures, and that the original position as held by the Westminster confession was the only consistent position on this point, and quoted the covenant of God with Abraham to defend his views.

Rev. J. R. Warner of Kirkwood followed with an eloquent defense of the original article, claiming that there was no divine warrant for the assertions contained in the revised article of faith, and although his private opinion might lead him to believe that the blood of Christ was sufficient for the salvation of all infants, in the absence of scriptural proofs he could not sanction the action of the committee. By "elect infants" he understood the children of professed Christians. He would not undertake to say that all other children were lost. He would leave that to God. When Christ took the little children into his arms and blessed them, it was in recognition of the faith of their mothers.

Vice-Moderator Annon had always opposed revision, but as it had been decided that revision must be had he would confess that he had always wanted that thing changed. The phrase "elect infants" had always been a stumbling block to a great many people, and had kept many out of the church, and he would be glad to see it stricken out.

The Rev. Dr. S. J. Niccolls, the leader of the revisionists, who is an influential member of the revision committee, then came forward in a strong defense of the committee's views. He repudiated the doctrine that God had predestined men for destruction, and quoted the words of St. Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians, in which he says: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all men be made alive." He declared it to be his belief that all that die in infancy are saved by the blood of Christ, and regenerated by the Holy Spirit; that no child is justified by the faith of its parents. He defined the position of the Roman Catholic church on infant salvation, and declared it to be the belief of the Protestant Evangelical Christian world that all infants are saved. The Rev. Dr. Palmer also made an eloquent argument in favor of the revised section. He did not believe any one was saved by grace transmited in baptism. Dr. Thomas Marshall of Chicago was opposed to the revised section, and assailed Dr. Niccolls' position in resting upon the 22nd verse of chapter 15, First Corinthians, for proof, on the ground that that passage referred to the resurrection.

The Rev. L. S. Ferguson was of the opinion that the presbytery was hopelessly divided on the question, and moved the previous question, which prevailed, and the presbytery took a vote on the substitute offered on Wednesday to the effect that the presbytery was dissatisfied with this section. The substitute was lost.

A division was then taken on the original question, and a vote taken on the retention of the original form of that part of chapter 10, section 3, referring to "elect infants." The yeas and nays were demanded, with the following result: Yeas 11, nays 19.

The presbytery then adopted a resolution setting forth that it had by the foregoing vote favored the wording "all infants" in preference to "elect infants."

Saved by a Dog.

From the Brandon Buckshaw.

A rather curious anecdote is related of Rouget de l'Isle, the composer of the "Marseillaise," who was the son of a lawyer at Lons-le-Saunier. When a mere boy, about two years of age, he one day left the house unobserved by any one except Caesar, the old house dog. One of the gypsy women, who were passing at the time, struck by his beauty and the elegance of his attire, suddenly seized him, and wrapping him in her apron hurried away as fast as she could. The dog recognised the cries of the child, rushed after the woman and seized her by the leg and compelled her to drop her burden. By this time the whole house had been aroused, and young Rouget's parents and the servants came up, delivered the boy, and had the woman arrested.

The French hairdressers are circulating a petition which they will submit to the minister of fine arts when it has 500,000 signatures. The purport of the document is that women be prohibited from appearing in their hats in the theaters subsidised by the government, and that the coiffure of the ladies at such entertainments be according to the fashion devised by the Hairdressers' association. The case of this strange request is that the trade in false hair has greatly decreased for the past few years and the present fashion of dressing the hair in Grecian style threatens a still greater falling off in that trade.

MORMONS IN THE EAST

Some are Said to Be Pretty Good Christians, Too.

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

The Old Story Retold With Interesting Comments—The Latter Day Bible Founded on a Novel.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

It is refreshing, in these days of half-belief and no-belief, to encounter now and then a faithful soul, who believes not only in the Bible, but in the Book of Mormon. There are quite a number of Mormons residing here in Pittsburg. Once in a while a Mormon elder makes them a visit, spends a week or two in these parts, and holds prayer meetings in their houses. The Pittsburg Mormons are, most of them, pretty good Christians. I met one of them the other day at the West Penn hospital. He had been knocked off the top of a freight car at 6:30 that morning. One leg was cut off at the thigh, and the other was horribly mangled, and the poor fellow died in the afternoon. But from what he said, I think he went to just about the same place to which good Christians hope to go. I have no doubt but that one of the "many mansions" up above got a new tenant that day, who probably learned something in the first five minutes after death about the Book of Mormon.

The Pittsburg Mormons, however, let me hasten to say, do not believe in polygamy. There are two kinds of Mormons, the Latter Day Saints and the Reorganized Latter Day Saints. The Pittsburg Mormons belong to the reorganized party. This division of Mormonism began after the death of Joseph Smith, and was a revolt against Brigham Young, who had seized the succession to the presidency of the "twelve apostles." These good people had a revelation to the effect that the rightful leader was Smith's oldest son, Joseph, jr. They objected to polygamy. They refused to worship the new gods who had been set in the Mormon heaven; they declined to say their prayers to Adam, to Mohammed, to Joseph Cook or to Brigham Young. They accepted the Book of Mormon, but were quite content to stop with that.

The Good Mormons 27,000 Strong.

The reformed Mormons, who claim, and probably with reason, to be the only true followers of original Mormonism, number about 27,000 people. Their headquarters are at Plano, Ill. They have communicants in places as remote as Scandinavia and Australia and Switzerland. Their number is said to be increasing.

Pittsburg is not a bad place for an orthodox Mormon to live in, for Mormonism really began, had its actual root, got its first inspiration—so it is said—in this city. The Mormon Bible, instead of being discovered in a Palmyra hill, was discovered in a Pittsburg printing office. There may be some people who have forgotten the part played by this city at the beginning of this most singular of all chapters in modern ecclesiastical history.

There was a "long-legged, tow-headed boy" living in Palmyra in the state of New York, while this century was counting its twenties. He spent most of his time, the people said who knew him, fishing in the mill pond at Durfee's grist mill, on Mud creek. Everybody called him Joe Smith, and accounted him a lazy fellow. But a boy's brain may be buzzing like a train of cars though his hands be as idle as the fingers of a graven image. And fishing has always been known to be a contemplative occupation. Most anglers catch more thoughts than trout. Smith, sitting on the mill pond dam, was very busy thinking.

Joe Smith's Discovery of the Plates.

One day Joe Smith disappeared from his place by the grist mill and took to digging for hidden treasure in the Palmyra hills. But nobody was much surprised at this. It was like Smith. He was always wanting to get rich without earning any money. By and by he declared that he had seen an angel, and that the angel had showed him certain gold plates, "each plate 6 inches wide and 8 inches long and not quite so thick as common tin, filled with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, with three rings running through the whole." There was also a pair of most convenient supernatural spectacles, accompany these writings—spectacles such as Dr. Lippincott never dreamed of—curious, bright crystals set in bows of silver. Whoever put on these silver glasses could read Egyptian—"reformed Egyptian," whatever that is. The people of Palmyra, however listened to this tale with more patience than credulity. Nobody paid much attention to it. It was one of Joe Smith's lies. Smith was a good deal of a liar,—a habit which fits in curiously with his fondness for fishing—and this was simply a large, elaborate and somewhat unusually ambitious lie. That was the measure with which the honest inhabitants of Palmyra "sized up" the Book of Mormon, and its author.

Joe Smith was now grown to manhood, six feet high, long of limb and huge of foot, his hair turned from tow color to light auburn, with large eyes of bluish gray, a prominent nose, a queer mouth, and an undesirable reputation. There was a school teacher boarding at Smith's house named Oliver Cowdery. Smith was not very good at reading and writing, but with the magic glasses he made an excellent translator. So Cowdery came to be amanuensis. He sat with pen and paper on one side of a curtain, while Smith on the other side read aloud what he saw through his supernatural spectacles. The result was the Book of Mormon.

The Mormon Book Founded on a Novel.

Some years before this, however, Solomon Spalding, a clergyman in the Presbyterian church, had come to live in Pittsburg. Spalding had lived in New Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio. There were a number of interesting mounds in Mr. Spalding's parish there, and their presence and his diggings in them had turned his attention toward the primeval inhabitants of this country. He conceived the idea of writing an historical romance, "Looking Backward," in reality, with the scenes laid somewhere in the twentieth century, B. C. The good man, besides his preaching, ran a forge and kept a tavern. In the winter evening, in the tavern parlor, he used to amuse his neighbors by reading to them from the manuscripts of his progressing novel. He wrote it so obtrusively in the language of the King James' version of the Old Testament, with such frequent repetitions of "Now it came to pass" that the irreverent youth of the neighborhood found a nickname for him in his book. "Old Come-to-pass" they called him. Mormon and Nephi and Lehi were important names in the story. Finally the good man, with his writings in his trunk, moved here to Pittsburg.

At that time, in the year 1814, Sidney Rigdon was pastor of the First Baptist church. Rigdon was a restless theologian. Alexander Campbell was a member of his congregation. Rigdon afterward became a Campbellite before casting in his fortunes finally with Mormonism. The Rev. Mr. Spalding, meanwhile, had offered his manuscript to the printing firm of Patterson G Lambdin, then doing business here. Rigdon saw it in the office, borrowed it, took it home and read it, and kept it a long time. The "Manuscript Found" was the title of it, a curious title as the event proved, for since that time it has been most emphatically the manuscript lost. Nobody really knows what became of it. Patterson & Lambdin, unfortunately, never published it, probably seeing no money in it. It went out of the printing office presently, after Rigdon had read it to his heart's content, and Pittsburg knew it no more. Mr. Spalding removed to Amity, Washington county, died there and was buried. His grave stone, much hacked, it is said, by relic hunters, stands to-day in the old burying ground there.

The Age of Faith Not Ended.

This Presbyterian minister, Solomon Spalding of Pittsburg, wrote, and this Baptist preacher, Sidney Rigdon of Pittsburg, copied—so they say—the romance of Mormon, which some good souls in Pittsburg to-day reverence as the Mormon Bible. Anyhow, if the memories of the people are good for anything who heard old Parson Spalding read his book, the two stories are singularly alike, even in their outlandish names.

It seems that long, long ago a man named Lehi with his wife, his four sons and his ten friends departed for Jerusalem and landed on the coast of Chili. There was trouble after Lehi's death between his sons. Nephi, the youngest, was appointed by his father to succeed him, and his brothers objected. As a punishment they were condemned to have red skins, and they became the progenitors of the North American Indians. The Hebrews and the Indians fought vigorously from that day on, until finally in 384 A. D. the last of the Hebrews were massacred by the Indians near the present site of Palmyra. Mormon and his son Moroni were almost the sole survivors, and they having written down all the history of all this singular past, buried the golden plates upon which they inscribed it in the Palmyra hill, where Joseph Smith discovered them.

Or else, Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon went into partnership to exploit old Parson Spalding's treasure. In which case Mormon himself once walked these Pittsburg streets.

A queer business! A novel made over into a bible and Joe Smith of Palmyra became a prophet, a martyr, and—some of the faithful say—even a god. "Old Come-to-pass" deserves his name. Nothing more wonderful has come to pass within the memory of this generation than the growth of this strange oak out of this Pittsburg acorn. And yet we think that the ages of faith have ended.

Sparking in the Mountains.

M. Quad in the New York World.

The mountaineer and his wife had to go down the valley about a mile to see a sick neighbor, and I was left at their cabin with their daughter, a girl of 18. As soon as she had cleared off the supper table, and while I sat on the doorstep smoking, she put on a clean apron, arranged her hair a bit, and blushed very red as she said to me:

"Him's coming to see me to-night, and him's very skeery, and—and—"

"Do you mean that your young man is coming?" I asked.

"Reckon him is."

"And he's bashful?"

"Him can't scarcely abide dad and mam."

"I see. He'd be scared off if he found me here. Well, I'll take a walk and get out of the way."

"No! no! You's perfectly proper. I'll go out and sit down on the log and you's stay here."

"O, that's it? Well, don't you mind me in the least. Just tell the young man I've been there myself and know how one feels about it."

The log was only 30 feet away and she hadn't been sitting there over five minutes when "him" appeared. He had probably been in hiding somewhere near. All I could see was that he was a young man and very bashful and awkward. He sat down about ten feet away from her and it was five minutes before either spoke. Then he remarked:

"Powerful sight of rain long back, Linda?"

"Why, Jim, it hain't showered in two weeks," she laughed.

"Hain't it?"

"Why, no! You's dun got mixed up with last year."

"Reckon so," he replied, and somehow the distance between them suddenly diminished one-half. It was bright moonlight, but owing to a haze in the atmosphere I couldn't exactly tell whether she moved, he hitched, or the log suddenly shrunk five feet endways.

"Who's him?" queried Jim, as he nodded his head in my direction.

"Stranger, gwine further up," she answered. "You hain't no call to be skeered of him nor nobody."

"Who's skeered?"

"Reckon you is."

"Shoo! Never was skeered in all my life. Linda, does yo'r old dad like me?"

"Reckon he do."

"And yo'r mam?"

"Reckon she do."

"And, Linda——"

He stopped there for a long, long time, and Linda coughed and giggled over his embarrassment. By and by she said:

"Dad says you's come powerful nigh killin a b'ar last week."

No reply.

"Mam says you's took up them 10 acres of land above Parker's."

No reply.

"Dad says you's gwine to build a cabin up thar—te! he! he!"

No reply.

"Has you's lost yo'r tongue, Jim?" she asked after a long silence.

"Co'se not; I was thinkin'," he replied, as he heaved a deep sigh.

"Recon I know what 'twas—te! he! he!"

"Reckon you don't!"

"Co'se I do. Dad likes yo', mam likes yo', and I——"

That log suddenly contracted again and brought them close together, and Jim's arm stole around Linda's waist as he finished the sentence for her with:

"And we's gwine to be jined in the fall and live on them ten acres? Linda, if him wasn't back thar in that doah I'd shorely hug yo', I would!"

I got out of "that doah" and took a long walk, and if Jim didn't take advantage of the occasion Linda's looks belied her when I returned.

Picturesque People of Greece.

From the Pittsburg Leader.

The national costume of the Greeks is both pretty and picturesque. The men wear tight pantaloons, stockings to the knees, and a short, fluted dress or kilt about the hips, all made of a texture and color to suit the wearer's taste, but mainly light and white at this season. Their hats are of every possible variety and color, and their shoes are generally red or yellow and turned up at the toes like our old style of skates, with a red, blue, yellow or black tuft on the points. The female dress cannot be satisfactorily described. It consists of whatever strikes the wearer's fancy, and there are just about as many styles as there are women, the short dress and polychromatic shawl, with no hat, being the most prevalent.